

Triangle Part II - Sora

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Summary: Sora has thoughts and feelings about a certain member of the DigiDestined. Does he return them?

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Disclaimer: I don't own Digimon (I wish I did), and I'm not making any money

>from this. Feedback is always welcomed, at anneb10@yahoo.com

> All through our conversation, Taichi keeps looking back at Yamato and Takeru. I
keep waiting for him to tell Yamato to put his brother down, but he never says it. If

>anything, I can tell he's a little worried. Takeru's never fallen asleep like this. He's
little, but he's tough.

> "What is it?" I finally ask him.
 "I'm a little worried about Takeru," he admits. He runs his gloved fingers

>through his wild mane of hair. My fingers itch to do the same. "It's not like him to fall
asleep in the middle of lunch like that, Sora. Yamato had to wake him up twice to get

>him to finish eating."
 "He's exhausted, Taichi," I say. "We're all pretty worn out. Myotismon really

>took it out of us."
 "I know," he says quietly. I can tell he's thinking of his sister. Kari had decided

>to stay in our world. The rest of us had returned to Digiworld, feeling that we weren't
done there yet.

> He perks up suddenly, his mood changing like the wind. I can't help but smile at
the mischievous look on his face. "Uh, oh. I recognize that look. The last time I saw it,

>you were driving the Gazimon nuts in Etemon's pyramid."
 His smile fades at the memory. I curse my tongue, knowing he hates being

>reminded of how he let Datamon kidnap Biyomon and me. It was the only time I'd ever
seen him afraid.

> "And before that," I say, hoping to fix things, "you put that glue on the opposing
team's goalie's gloves at camp."

> I was right, that did it. Taichi suddenly began to laugh. "Oh, man. The look on
his face when he tried to throw the ball back to his team was worth having to peel
>potatoes for a week."
 After his laughter dies, its echoes ringing around us, he looks back at Yamato and
>Takeru again. "I think we'll take a few days off, Sora. We all need to relax. Maybe we
can find a lake or something in that forest Tentomon saw, and we can stay there for
>awhile."
 It was unlike to Taichi to want to rest. I looked at him in surprise. "What?" He
>said defensively.
 "You? Want to stop? Are you feeling all right?" I reach out, teasingly, to feel his
>forehead. He gives me a look as I check for a fever. I grin at him, "Nope. You're fine."
 "Thank you, Dr. Sora," Taichi replies. He stops. I look at him questioningly.
> "Sora, I'm going to go help Yamato with Takeru. You lead for awhile."
 I nod, and Biyomon takes his spot next to me, as Taichi and Agumon walk back
>to Yamato, Takeru, Gabumon, and Patamon. The others all stop to watch as he takes
Takeru on his back, letting him continue to sleep. We all continue after a minute, but I
>look back occasionally.
 I sigh heavily. These seemingly totally uncharacteristic gestures of kindness that
>Taichi actually does all the time, is just one reason that we're friends. And it's one of the
reasons that I'm in love with him. Ever since I've known him, he's never been able to
>intentionally hurt anyone.
 Oh, he's plenty quick when he does actually have to fight. I've seen him win
>against bullies that are older and stronger than him. But he never looks for a fight; well,
almost never. He's almost always fighting with Yamato.
> I turn and look back at them. They're walking together, in silence. I see Yamato
look at Takeru, and then at Taichi. Poor Takeru is still sleeping. I'll bet Taichi will be
>regretting offering to carry him after a little while. Their silence is almost
companionable. Strange, for two people who can't seem to get along to save their lives.
> I look forward again, sighing. I want to tell Taichi the truth so much; it almost
hurts. But he doesn't seem to feel anything but friendship for me. I'm afraid that if I tell
>him he'll laugh. And I don't think I could stand that, for him to not return my feelings.
I sigh again, this time in frustration, and look back yet again. Yamato is staring at
>Taichi, but then he tears his gaze away, and our eyes lock. I gasp in shock. The look in
his eyes, he's in love with Taichi! And I see that he reads my feelings for Taichi in my
>eyes. I turn around quickly, feeling my heart in my throat. Yamato's in love with
Taichi? It can't be!
> We continue on, Taichi still carrying Takeru. I resist the urge to look back at the
boys, but I do anyway, a few times. Each time, Yamato is looking at either Taichi or
>Takeru. After a little while, Takeru wakes up, and he runs off to play with Patamon. I
hear Yamato thank Taichi, but I never hear what Taichi says. He comes back up to
>where I am, and we pick up where we left off. I can almost forget what I saw earlier, but
I can't. Because I'm afraid. What if Taichi has feelings for him, and not me? I keep
>worrying about it, even as I keep up my end of the conversation.
By the time it starts getting dark, we've reached the forest. Tentomon and

>Biyomon both fly up to look for a lake or a stream. Biyomon finds a small pond not too
far into the forest, so we head in that direction. It doesn't take us long to get there, and
>we all sigh with relief as we collapse onto the sandy beach.
"I'm going swimming!" shouts Taichi, and he starts to take off his shirt. But
>Yamato's voice stops him. Too bad, I was kind of looking forward to it.
"Taichi, why don't we set up camp first? I mean, we all gotta eat, right?"
> Sighing, Taichi agrees, "Yeah, all right, Yamato. Keep your shirt on."
Mimi and I giggle, as he was the one about to take off his shirt. But soon, there is
>a roaring fire going, and the guys are roasting the fish that Izzy caught. At least, once we
managed to keep Gomamon from warning them away, as usual; he caught them. Taichi
>decided to wait until morning to swim, having announced over dinner that we should take
the next day or so off. A surprised silence followed his announcement. I wasn't the only
>one who had been caught off-guard. But, after a minute, everyone agreed,
enthusiastically.
> It wasn't long before everyone was beginning to doze off. All the walking was
taking its toll. I took the first watch with Biyomon. We talked quietly for awhile, but
>then we fell silent. About the time I was starting to doze off, a gentle hand shook me. It
was Taichi, coming to take his turn.
> I smiled up at him, and stood up to stretch. Biyomon curled up by the fire, and
was asleep almost instantly. It took me a little longer. I kept watching Taichi, watching
>the firelight play across his profile. After a little while, he noticed me.
"What's up, Sora?" he asked quietly.
> I wasn't about to admit the truth. "I just can't fall asleep."
He chuckled, "Happens to us all, I guess."
> He nodded to Agumon, and came over to sit next to me. I sat back up so I could
talk to him, and we talked for awhile. After a little while, we fell silent, and I looked up
>at the stars. We named new constellations, and I began to get drowsy. I was determined
to keep talking though, so I didn't lie down. I felt so happy; the two of us sitting like
>that. I sighed, and closed my eyes to savor it.
The next thing I knew, Taichi was shaking me again. I opened my eyes. I could
>tell by the position of the moon that I'd fallen asleep. And been asleep for awhile. My
head was resting on Taichi's shoulder. I blushed, but he couldn't see it in the dying
>firelight.
"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to fall asleep like that," I tell him. But I'm glad I did.
>I'm even happier that he didn't move me.
"It's ok, Sora. I didn't mind. Go back to sleep, and I'll finish my shift." He

>smiles at me, and I nod, then lay down next to him, turning away. I knew I'd never sleep
if I could see him.
> I smile into the darkness, as I curl around Biyomon. As I drift, I feel Taichi pull
my blanket up over my shoulders, tucking it soundly around my chin, making sure
>Biyomon was covered, too. His hands linger a little longer than necessary, and it's all I
can do to keep from turning around. I want to kiss him so much; my head is spinning!
>But then he gets up and goes back over to Agumon. I curse my missed chance, but as I
fall asleep, I can't help but wonder; does he love me, too?
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